

THE
INTRIGUING CHAMBERMAID.

A BALLAD FARCE,

IN

1489. H. 21.

TWO ACTS;

ALTERED FROM

F I E L D I N G.

FIRST PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE,

ON

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1790.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. DEBRETT, opposite Burlington House, Piccadilly.

M.DCC.XC.

[Price ONE SHILLING.]

THE
NATIONING CHAMBERMAN

A BELL AND HOWELL

OF TWO

PRINTED

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LONDON

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MADE IN ENGLAND

ONE SHILLING

Mr. W. H. ...

Mr. H. ...

Mr. P. ...

Mr. ...

Mr. ...

Mr. ...

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Mr. ...

Mr. ...

Mr. ...

Mr. ...

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

<i>Goodall,</i>	Mr. Packer.
<i>Valentine,</i>	Mr. Whitfield.
<i>Lord Puff,</i>	Mr. Haymes.
<i>Bluff (the drunken Colonel)</i>	Mr. Palmer.
<i>Oldcastle,</i>	Mr. Suett.
<i>Rakeit,</i>	Mr. R. Palmer.
<i>Slap,</i>	Mr. Phillimore.
<i>Constable,</i>	Mr. Alfred.
<i>John,</i>	Mr. Banks.
<i>Security,</i>	Mr. Fawcett.

W O M E N.

<i>Mrs. Highman,</i>	Mrs. Hopkins.
<i>Charlotte,</i>	Miss Collins.
<i>Lettice, { the Intriguing } { Chambermaid }</i>	Mrs. Jordan.

Gentlemen, Ladies, Constables, Servants, &c.

Scene, LONDON.

THE
INTRIGUING CHAMBERMAID.

ACT I.

SCENE I. A Street.

Enter Mrs. Highman pushing John out of the Door.

Mrs. Highman.

BEGONE, sirrah!—Out of my house, Mr. letter-carrier; and if I ever catch you in it again, your ears shall pay for your audacity.

John. Lord! Ma'am, this is not a love letter from my master to your niece, if the last was—this is only from Mrs. Lettice to your ladyship's woman, to invite her to our house this evening—we are to have a rout.

Mrs. High. A rout, indeed!—I'd rout you all to some tune, were I your mistress.—But begone, sirrah: I'll listen no longer to your impudence; and tell that saucy jade, Lettice, to send no more of her letters to my house.

John. Lord! Ma'am, here she is—so, if you please, you can tell her yourself. [Exit.

B

Enter

The Intriguing Chambermaid.

Enter Lettice.

Mrs. High. Oh, Mrs. Lettice, is it you? I am extremely glad to see you—you are the very person I would meet.

Lett. I am much at your service, Madam.

Mrs. High. Oh! Madam, I know very well that; and at every one's service, I dare swear, that will pay for it: but all the service, Madam, that I have for you, is to carry a message to your master—I desire, Madam, that you would tell him from me, that he is a very great villain, and that I entreat him never more to come near my doors; for, if I find him within 'em, I will turn my niece out of them.

Lett. Truly, Madam, you must send this by another messenger: but, pray, what has my master done to deserve it should be sent at all.

Mrs. High. He has done nothing yet, I believe, I thank Heaven and my own prudence; but I know what he would do.

Lett. He would do nothing but what becomes a gentleman, I am confident.

Mrs. High. Oh! I dare swear, Madam. Seducing a young lady is acting like a very fine gentleman; but I shall keep my niece out of the hands of such fine gentlemen.

Lett. You wrong my master, Ma'am, cruelly; I know his designs on your niece are honourable.

Mrs. High. Hussy, I have another match for her: she shall marry Mr. Oldcastle.

Lett. Oh! then, I find it is you that have a dishonourable design on your niece.

Mrs. High. How sauciness!

Lett. Yes, Madam; marrying a young lady, who is in love with a young fellow, to an old one whom she hates, is the surest way to bring about I know what, that can possibly be taken.

Mrs. High. I can bear this no longer.—I would advise you, Madam, and your master both, to keep from my house, or I shall take measures you won't like.

[Exit.
Lett.

Lett. I defy you!—We have the strongest party; and I warrant we'll get the better of you.—But here comes the young lady herself.

Enter Charlotte.

Char. So, Mrs. Lettice!

Lett. 'Tis pity you had not come a little sooner, Madam: your good aunt is but just gone, and has left positive orders that you should make more frequent visits at our house.

Char. Indeed!

Lett. Yes, Ma'am; for she has forbid my master ever visiting at yours, and I know it will be impossible for you to live without seeing him.

Char. I assure you!—Do you think me so fond then?

Lett. Do I!—I know you are; you love nothing else, think of nothing else all day; and, if you will confess the truth, I dare lay a wager that you dream of nothing else all night.

Char. Then to shew you, Madam, how well you know me, the deuce take me if you are not in the right.

Lett. Ah! Madam, to a woman practised in love, like me, there is no occasion for confession. For my part, I don't want words to assure me of what the eyes tell me.—Oh! if the lovers would but consult the eyes of their mistresses, we should not have such sighing, languishing, and despairing, as we have.

SONG. I. *Lettice.*

Would lovers ever doubt their ears,

(On Delia's vow relying)

The youth would often quit his fears,

And change to smiles his sighing.

Your

The Intriguing Chambermaid.

Your tongue may cheat,
 And with decent
 Your softer wishes cover;
 But, Oh! your eyes
 Know no disguise,
 Nor ever cheat your lover.

11.

What need he trust your words precise,
 Your soft desires denying;
 When, Oh! he reads within your eyes
 Your tender heart complying
 Your tongue may cheat,
 And with decent
 Your softer wishes cover;
 But, Oh! your eyes
 Know no disguise,
 Nor ever cheat your lover.

Enter Valentine.

Val. My dearest Charlotte! this is meeting my wishes indeed! for I was coming to wait on you.

Lett. It's very lucky that you do meet her here; for her house is forbidden ground—you have seen your last of that, Mrs. Highman swears.

Val. Ha! not go where my dear Charlotte is? What danger cou'd deter me?

Char. Nay, the danger is to be mine—I am to be turn'd out of doors, if ever you are seen in them again.

Eal. The apprehensions of your danger wou'd, indeed, put it to the severest proof; but why will my dearest Charlotte continue in the house of one who threatens to turn her out of it? Why will she not know another home, one where she would find a protector from every kind of danger?

Char. How can you pretend to love me, Valentine, and ask me that in our present desperate circumstances?

Lm.

The Intriguing Chambermaid.

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Lett. Nay, nay, don't accuse him wrongfully: I won't, indeed, insist that he gives you any great instance of his prudence by it; but I'll swear it is a very strong one of his love, and such an instance, as when a man has once shewn, no woman of any honesty, or honour, or gratitude, can refuse him any longer. For my part, if I had ever found a lover who had not wicked, mercenary views upon my fortune, I should have married him, whatever he had been.

Char. Thy fortune!

Lett. My fortune!—Yes, Madam, my fortune—I was worth fifty-six pounds before I put into the lottery; what it will be now I can't tell; but you know somebody must get the great prize, and why not I?

Val. Oh, Charlotte! would you had the same sentiments with me! for, by Heavens! I apprehend no danger but that of losing you; and, believe me, love will sufficiently reward us for all the hazards we run on his account.

Lett. Hift! hift! get you both about your business; Oldcastle is just turn'd the corner, and if he should see you together, you are undone. [*Exeunt Valentine and Charlotte.*] Now will I banter this old coxcomb severely; for I think it is a most impertinent thing in these old fellows to interpose in young people's sport.

Enter Oldcastle.

Old. Hem! hem! I profess it is a very severe easterly wind; and if it was not to see a sweetheart, I believe I should scarce have stirred abroad all day.

Lett. Mr. Oldcastle, your very humble servant.

Old. Your very humble servant, Madam: I ask your pardon, but I profess I have not the honour of knowing you.

Lett. Men of your figure, Sir, are known by more than they are themselves able to remember: I am a poor handmaid of a young lady of your acquaintance, Miss Charlotte Highman.

Old. Oh! your very humble servant, Madam, I hope your lady is well?

Lett. Hum! so, so, she sent me, Sir, of a small message to you.

Old.

Old. I am the happiest man in the world.

Let. To desire a particular favour of you.

Old. She honours me with her commands.

Let. She begs, if you have the least affection for her, that she may never see your face again.

Old. What! what!

Let. She is a very well-bred, civil, good-natured lady, and does not care to send a rude message; therefore only bids me tell you, she hates you, scorns you, detests you more than any creature upon the earth; that if you are resolved to marry, she would recommend you to a certain excellent dry nurse; and lastly, she bids me tell you, in this cold weather, never to go to bed without a good warm treacle posset; and by no means lie without at least a pair of flannel waistcoats, and a double flannel night cap.

Old. Hold your impertinent saucy tongue.

Let. Nay, Sir, don't be angry with me, I only deliver my message; and that too, in as civil and concise a manner as possible.

Old. Your mistress is a pert young hussy, and I shall tell her mother of her.

Let. That will never do; 'tis I am your friend, and if we can get over three little obstacles, I don't despair of marrying you to her, yet.

Old. What are those obstacles?

Let. Why, Sir, there is, in the first place, your great age; you are at least seventy-five.

Old. It's a lye; I want several—months of it.

Let. If you did not, I think we may get over this; one half of your fortune makes a very sufficient amends for your age.

Old. We shan't fall out about that.

Let. Well, Sir; then there is, in the second place, your terrible, ungenteel air; this is a grand obstacle with her who is doatingly fond of every thing that is fine and topping; and yet I think we may get over this too, by the other half of your fortune. And now there remains but one, which, if you can find any thing to set aside, I believe I may promise you, you shall have her; and that is, Sir, that horrible face of yours, which it is impossible for any one to see without being frightened.

Old.

The Intriguing Chambermaid.

7

Old. Ye impudent baggage! I'll tell your mistress—
I'll have you turn'd off.

Len. That will be well repaying me, indeed, for all
the services I have done you.

Old. Services!

Len. Services! Yes, Sir, services; and to let you see
I think you fit for a husband, I'll have you myself!—
Who can be more proper for a husband, than a man of
your age? for I think you could not have the conscience,
nay, the impudence, to live above a year, or a year and
half at most: and a good plentiful jointure would make
amends for one's enduring you as long as that; provided
we live in separate parts of the house, and one had a good
handsome groom of the chamber to attend one; though
really, in my opinion, you'd much better remain single,
both for your character and constitution.

Old. Get along, you damn'd saucy baggage! I thought
this easterly wind would blow me no good.—I'm
resolv'd I won't stir out again till it changes.

SCENE II. A room in Valentine's House.

Enter John, meeting Valentine.

John. Sir, a gentleman desires to see you.

Val. Shew him in. *[Exit John.]*

Enter Slap.

Val. Your most obedient servant, Sir; I have not the
honour of knowing you, Sir.

Slap. I believe you do not, Sir; I ask pardon, but I
have a small writ against you.

Val. A writ against me?

Slap. Don't be uneasy, Sir; it is only for a trifle, Sir;
about a fool.

Val. What must I do, Sir?

Slap. Oh, Sir! whatever you please, only pay the
money, or give bail, which you please.

Val. I can do neither of them this instant, and I ex-
pect company every moment. I suppose, Sir, you'll
take my word till to-morrow morning?

Slap.

Slap. Oh, yes, Sir, with all my heart. If you will be so good as to step to my house hard by, you shall be extremely well us'd, and I'll take your word.

Val. Your house! 'Sdeath! you rascal.

Slap. Nay, Sir, 'tis in vain to bully.

Val. Nay, then—Who's there—my servants. [*Enter Servants.*] Here, kick this fellow down stairs.

Slap. This is a rescue, remember that—a rescue, Sir. I'll have my Lord Chief Justice's warrant.

[*Slap is forced off by the servants.*]

[*Exit Valentine.*]

Enter Rakeit and Lettice.

Rak. You perceive, Mrs. Lettice, the strength of my passion, by my frequent visits to you. I saw Oldcastle part from you just now; pray, what has he been entertaining you with?

Lett. With his passion for your young mistress, or rather her passion for him. I have been bantering him till he is in such a rage, that I actually doubt whether he will not beat her or no.

Rak. Will you never leave off your frolicks; since we must pay for them? You have put him out of humour; now will he go and put my lady out of humour; and then we may be all beaten for aught I know.

Lett. Well, sirrah! and do you think I had not rather twenty such as you should be beaten to death, than my master should be robb'd of his mistress?

Rak. Your humble servant, Madam; you need not take any great pains to convince me of your fondness for your master. I believe he has more mistresses than what are in our house; but hang it, I am too polite to be jealous, and if he has done me the favour with you, why perhaps I may return it one day with some body else. I am not the first gentleman of the party-colour'd regiment, who has been even with his master.

Lett. Why, indeed, masters and their men are often, both in dress and behaviour, so very like, that a woman may be innocently false, and mistake the one for the other. Nay, I don't know whether such a change as you mention may not be sometimes for the better.

Rak.

Rak. But, my dear Lettice, I do not approve of this match in our family.

Lett. Why so?

Rak. Why, you know how desperate Valentine's circumstances are, and she has no fortune.

Lett. She hath, indeed, no fortune of her own; but her aunt Highman is very rich. And then, you know, we've hopes enow! There is hopes of my young master's growing better, for I am sure there is no possibility of his growing worse; hopes of my old master's staying abroad; hopes of his being drown'd, if he attempts coming home; hopes of the stars falling——

Rak. Dear Mrs. Lettice, do not jest with such serious things as hunger and thirst. Do you really think that all your master's entertainments are at an end?

Lett. So far from it, that he is this day to give a grand entertainment to your mistress, and about a dozen more gentlemen and ladies.

Rak. My chops begin to water. I find your master is a very honest fellow, and it is possible may hold out two or three weeks longer.

Lett. You are mistaken, Sir, there will be no danger of his giving any more entertainments; for there is a certain gentleman, call'd an upholsterer, who, the moment that the company is gone, is to make his entrance into the house, and carry every thing out on't.

Rak. A very good way, 'faith, of furnishing a house to receive a wife in; your master has set me a very good pattern against you and I marry, Mrs. Lettice.

Lett. Sauce-box! Do you think I'll have you?

Rak. Unless I can provide better for myself.

Lett. Well, that I am fond of thee I am certain, and what I am fond of I can't imagine, unless it be thy invincible impudence.

Rak. Why, 'faith, I think I have the impudence of a gentleman, and there is nothing better to succeed with the ladies.

Lett. Yes, yes, and be hang'd to you! you know the power you have over us too well: and though we are thoroughly acquainted with your falsehood, yet we are nine in ten of us, fools enough to be caught.

SONG II. *Just as I am*

Blushes and buffes with ev'ry wind;

Long young Jockey toy'd and sported,

Long he try'd each winning art,

Long with silent glances courted,

Ere he won my witless heart.

But when he my inclinations

Had subdu'd, the faithless swain—

Can you hear it, maids, with patience—

Soon, too soon, forsook the plain;

Leaving the maid a prey to Cupid,

Whose only fault was seeming too kind:

Surely the swain was grown very stupid,

To think that the smart would remain long be-
hind.

Tell me, you swains, would you do so?

Could you serve a maiden so?

II.

Soon as I had lost my lover,

Fool! I sat me down and cry'd;

Rail'd at fate, and curs'd the rover,

Sigh'd and sobb'd, and sobb'd and sigh'd.

I no breakfast eat, nor dinner,

Supperless I went to bed;

I a loser, he no winner;

A lucky thought came in my head.

Why should I, my bloom destroying,

Teaze and fret my soul away?

Not the sweets of love enjoying,

I will taste the sweets of May.

The Intriguing Chambermaid.

TO
II

Just as the rose, the bee flying from her,
Blushes, and bustles with ev'ry wind;
So Letty's resolv'd to laugh thro' the summer,
To every young swain to be gentle and kind.

Tell me, ye maids, would you do so?
Could you serve a rover so?

[Exeunt.]

Had I but the fair'st swain—
Can you hear it, maids, with patience—
Soon, too soon, forsook the plain;
Leaving the maid a prey to Cupid,
Whole only fault was seeming too kind;
Surely the swain was grown very stupid,
To think that the swain would remain long be-
hind.

Tell me, you swains, would you do so?

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

Soon as I had lost my lover,
Fool! I sat me down and cry'd;
Rail'd at fate, and curs'd the rover,
Sigh'd and sobb'd, and sobb'd and sigh'd,
I no breakfast eat, nor dinner,
Supperless I went to bed;
I a loser, he no winner;
A lucky thought came in my head,
Why should I, my bloom destroying,
Taze and fret my soul away,
Not the sweets of love enjoying,
I will taste the sweets of May.

[Exit]

C 2

ACT

Let. I'll answer for him, he hath put your affairs into a condition that will surprise you.
 Good. I warrant you, he is every day in the Alley.—
 Stocks have gone just as I thought, and it he followed my advice, he must have amassed a vast sum of money.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Square, with Valentine's House.*

Let. But it out, I mean, Sir, to interest, to interest. Sir, why, our house hath been a perfect fair ever since.
Enter Goodall and Servant, with portmanteau.

Lettice comes out of the House.

Good. That's very well done, and I long to see my dear boy. [To Lettice.] Knock at the door.
 Let. He is not at home, Sir—and if you have such a

THIS cursed stage coach from Portsmouth hath fatigued me more than my voyage from the Cape of Good Hope; but Heav'n be prais'd, I am once more arriv'd within sight of my own doors. I cannot help thinking how pleas'd my son will be to see me returned a full year sooner than my intention.

Lett. He would be much more pleas'd to hear you were at the Cape of Good Hope yet. *[Aside.]*

Good. I hope I shall find my poor boy at home; I dare swear he will die with joy to see me.

Lett. I believe he is half dead already; but now for you, my good master. *[Aside.]* Bless me! what do I see! An apparition!

Good. Lettice!

Lett. Is it my dear master Goodall returned, or is it the devil in his shape? Is it you, Sir? is it positively you yourself?

Good. Even so. How do you do, Lettice?

Lett. Much at your Honour's service. I am heartily glad—it really makes me cry—to see your Honour in such good health. Why, the air of the Indies hath agreed vastly with you. Indeed, Sir, you ought to have stay'd a little longer there for the sake of your health—I would to the Lord you had. *[Aside.]*

Good. Well, but how does my son do? And how hath he behaved himself in my absence? I hope he hath taken great care of my affairs.

Lett.

Lett. I'll answer for him, he hath put your affairs into a condition that will surprize you.

Good. I warrant you, he is every day in the Alley.—Stocks have gone just as I imagined, and if he followed my advice, he must have amassed a vast sum of money.

Lett. Not a farthing, Sir.

Good. How, how, how!

Lett. Sir, he hath paid it out as fast as it came in.

Good. How!

Lett. Put it out, I mean, Sir, to interest, to interest. Sir, why, our house hath been a perfect fair ever since you went, people coming for money every hour of the day.

Good. That's very well done, and I long to see my dear boy. [*To Lettice.*] Knock at the door.

Lett. He is not at home, Sir—and if you have such a desire to see him—

Enter Security.

Sec. Your servant, Mrs. Lettice.

Lett. Your servant, Mr. Security.—Here's a rogue of a plurer, who hath found a proper time to ask for his money in.

Sec. Do you know, Mrs. Lettice, that I am weary of following your master day after day in this manner, without finding him, and that if he does not pay me to-day, I shall sue out an execution directly. A thousand pounds are a sum—

Good. What, what, what's this I hear?

Lett. I'll explain it to you by and by, Sir.

Good. Does my son owe you a thousand pounds?

Sec. Your son, Sir!

Good. Yes, Sir; this woman's young master, who lives at that house, Mr. Valentine Goodall, is my son.

Sec. Yes, Sir, he does; and I am very glad you are returned to pay it me.

Good. There go two words, though, to that bargain

Lett. I believe, Sir, you will do it with a great deal of joy, when you know that his owing this money, is purely an effect of his good conduct.

Good. Good conduct! Owing money good conduct!

Lett.

Lett. Yes, Sir, he hath bought a house at the price of two thousand pounds, which every one says is worth more than four, and this he could not have done without borrowing this thousand pound. I am sure, Sir, I and he, and Trusty ran all over the town to get the money, that he might not lose so good a bargain.—He'll pay the money fast enough, now. *[Aside.]*

Good. I am overjoy'd at my son's behaviour.—Sir, you need give yourself no pain about the money; return to-morrow morning, and you shall receive it.

Sec. Sir, your word is sufficient for a much greater sum, and I am your very humble servant. *[Exit.]*

Good. Well, but tell me a little, in what part of the town hath my son bought this house?

Lett. In what part of the town?

Good. Yes; there are, you know, some quarters better than others—as for example, this here—

Lett. Well, and it is in this that it stands.

Good. What, not the great house yonder, is it?

Lett. No, no, no. Do you see that house yonder—where the windows seem to have been just cleaned?

Good. Yes.

Lett. It is not that—and a little beyond, you see another very large house, higher than any other in the square.

Good. I do.

Lett. But it is not that.—Take particular notice of the house opposite to it, a very handsome house, is it not?

Good. Yes, indeed, it is.

Lett. That is not the house.—But you may see one with great gates before it, almost opposite to another that fronts a street, at the end of which stands the house which your son hath bought.

Good. There is no good house in that street, as I remember, but Mrs. Highman's.

Lett. That's the very house.

Good. That is a very good bargain, indeed; but how comes a woman in her circumstances to sell her house?

Lett. It is impossible, Sir, to account for people's actions; besides, poor dear, she is out of her senses.

Good. Out of her senses?

Lett. Yes, Sir, her family hath taken out a commission

of lunacy against her; and her son, who is a most abandon'd prodigal, has sold all she had for half its value.

Good. Son! why she was not marry'd when I went away, she could not have a son.

Lett. O yes she could, Sir—She's not married to be sure; but to the great surprise of every one, and to the great scandal of all our sex, there appeared all of a sudden a very lusty young fellow, of the age of three and twenty, whom she owned to have been her son, and that his father was a grenadier in the first regiment of guards.

Good. Oh, monstrous!

Lett. Ah, Sir, if every child in this city knew his own father, if children were to inherit only the estates of those who begot them, it would cause a great confusion in inheritances.

Good. Well, but I stand here talking too long, knock at the door.

Lett. What shall I do. *[Aside.]*

Good. You seem in a consternation; no accident hath happened to my son, I hope.

Lett. No, Sir, but—

Good. But! but what? Hath any one robbed me in my absence?

Lett. No, Sir; not absolutely robbed you, Sir. What shall I say?—

Good. Explain yourself, speak. *[Aside.]*

Lett. Oh, Sir! I can withhold my tears no longer. Enter not, I beseech you, Sir, your house; Sir, your dear House, that you and I, and my poor young master loved so much, within these six months—

Good. What of my house within these six months?

Lett. Hath been haunted, Sir, with the most terrible apparitions that were ever heard or beheld! you'd think the devil himself had taken possession of it: nay, I believe he hath too: all the wild noises in the universe, the squeaking of pigs, the grinding of knives, the whetting of saws, the whistling of winds, the roaring of seas, the hooting of owls, the howling of wolves, the braying of asses, the squalling of children, and the scolding of wives, all put together, make not so hideous a concert. This I myself have heard, nay, and I have seen

seen such sights! one with about twenty heads, and a hundred eyes, and mouths, and noses in each.

Good. Heyday! the wench is mad. Stand from before the door! I'll see whether the devil can keep me out from my own house. Haunted, indeed! —

Lett. Sir, I have a friendship for you, and you shall not go in.

Good. How? not go into my own house?

Lett. No, Sir, not till the devil is driven out on't; there are two priests at work upon him now. Hark, I think the devils are dancing Fandango. Nay, Sir, you may listen yourself, and get in too, if you can.

Good. Ha! by all that's gracious, I hear a noise; [*Laughing within.*] What monstrous squalling is that?

Lett. Why, Sir, I am surpris'd you should think I would impose upon you: had you known the terrors we underwent for a whole fortnight, especially poor I, Sir, who lay every night frightened with the sight of the most monstrous large things, there I lay as quiet as a lamb, fearing every minute what they would do to me —

Good. Can all this be true, or are you imposing on me? I have indeed heard of such things as apparitions, on just causes, and believe in them; but why they should haunt my house I can't imagine.

Lett. Why, Sir, they tell me, before you bought the house, there was a pedlar kill'd in it.

Good. A pedlar! I must inquire into all these things. But, in the mean time, I must lend this portmanteau to my son's new house.

Lett. No, Sir, that's a little improper at present.

Good. What, is that house haunted? hath the Devil taken possession of that house too?

Lett. No, Sir, but Madam Highman hath not yet quitted possession of it. I told you before, Sir, that she was out of her senses; and if any one does but mention the sale of her house to her, it throws her into the most violent convulsions.

Good. Well, well, I shall know how to humour her madness.

Lett. I wish, Sir, for a day or two —

Good,

Good. You throw me out of all manner of patience. I am resolv'd I will go thither this instant.

Lett. Here she is herself; but pray remember the condition she is in, and don't do any thing to chagrin her.

Enter Mrs. Highman.

Mrs. High. What do I see! Mr. Goodall return'd!

Lett. Yes, Madam, it is him; but, alas! he's not himself—he's distracted; his losses in his voyage have turn'd his brain, and he is become a downright lunatic.

Mrs. High. I am heartily concern'd for his misfortune. Poor gentleman!

Lett. If he shou'd speak to you by chance, have no regard to what he says; we are going to shut him up in a madhouse with all expedition.

Mrs. High. [*Aside.*] He hath a strange wand'ring in his countenance.

Good. [*Aside.*] How miserably she is alter'd! She hath a terrible look with her eyes.

Mrs. High. Mr. Goodall, your very humble servant. I am glad to see you return'd, though I am sorry for your misfortune.

Good. I must have patience, and trust in Heaven, and in the power of the priests, who are now endeavouring to lay these wicked spirits, with which my house is haunted; but give me leave to ask you the cause of your phrensy; for I much question whether this commission of lunacy that has been taken out against you, be not without sufficient proof.

Mrs. High. A commission of lunacy against me! me!

Good. Lettice, I see she is worse than I imagin'd.

Lett. She is very bad now indeed.

Mrs. High. However, if you are not more mischievous than you at present seem, I think it is wrong in them to confine you in a madhouse.

Good. Confine me! ha, ha, ha! This is turning the tables upon me indeed! But, Mrs. Highman, I wou'd not have you be uneasy that your house is sold; at least, it is better for you that my son hath bought it than ano-

ther; for you shall have an apartment in it still, in the same manner as if it was still your own, and you were in your senses.

Mr. Higb. What's all this? As if I was still in my senses! Let me tell you, Mr. Goodall, you are a poor distracted wretch, and ought to have an apartment in a dark room, and clean straw.

Good. Since you come to that, Madam, I shall not let you into my doors, and I gave you warning to take away your things, for I shall fill all the rooms with goods within these few days.

Enter Slap, Constable, and Assistants.

Slap. That's the door, Mr. Constable.

Let. What's to be done now, I wonder?

Const. Open the door in the King's name, or I shall break it open.

Good. Who are you, Sir, in the Devil's name? and what do you want in that house?

Slap. Sir, I have a prisoner there, and I have my Lord Chief Justice's warrant against him.

Good. For what Sum, Sir?—Are you a Justice of the Peace?

Slap. I am one of his Majesty's officers, Sir, and this day I arrested one Mr. Valentine Goodall, who lives in this house, for two hundred pounds; his servants have rescu'd him, and I have a Judge's warrant for the rescue.

Good. What do I hear?—But harkye, friends, that house that you are going to break open is haunted; and there is no one in it but a couple of priests who are laying the Devil.

Slap. I warrant you I lay the Devil better than all the priests in Europe. Come, Mr. Constable, do your office, I have no time to lose, Sir, I have several other writs to execute before night.

Let. I have defended my pass as long as I can, and now I think it is no cowardice to steal off.

Exit.

Enter

Enter Colonel Bluff, and Lord Buff.

Col. What, in the Devil's name, is the meaning of this riot? What is the reason, scoundrels, that you dare disturb gentlemen, who are getting as drunk as Lords?

Slap. Sir, we have authority for what we do.

Col. Damn your authority, Sir! if you don't go about your business, I shall show you my authority, and send you all to the Devil.

Slap. Sir, I desire you wou'd give us leave to enter the house and seize our prisoner.

Col. Not upon my honour, Sir.

Slap. If you oppose us any longer, I shall proceed to force.

Col. If you love force, I'll show you the way, you dogs.

Good. I find I am distracted, I am stark raving mad, I am undone, I'm d, cheated, impos'd on! But please heaven, I'll go see what's in my house.

Col. Hold, Sir, you must not enter here.

Good. Not enter into my own house, Sir!

Col. No, Sir, if it be yours, you must not come within it.

Good. Gentlemen, I only beg to speak with the master of the house.

Col. Sir, the master of the House desires to speak with no such fellows as you are; you are not fit company for any of the gentlemen in this house.

Good. Sir, the master of this house is my son.

Col. Sir, your most obedient humble servant; I am overjoy'd to see you return'd; give me leave, Sir, to introduce you to this gentleman.

Good. Sir, your most obedient humble servant.

Col. Give me leave to tell you, Sir, you have the honour of being father to one of the finest gentlemen of the age: a man so accomplish'd, so well bred, and so generous, that I believe he never would part with a guest while he had a shilling in his pocket, nor indeed while he cou'd borrow one.

Good. I believe it indeed, Sir, therefore you can't wonder if I am impatient to see him.

Col. Be not in such haste, dear Sir; I want to talk with you about your affairs; I hope you have had good success in the Indies, have cheated the Company handsomely, and made an immense fortune.

Good. I have no reason to complain. I am glad on't—give me your hands, Sir; and with your son, I dare swear; and let me tell you, it will be very opportune; he began to want it. You can't imagine, Sir, what a fine life he has led since you sent him away—it would do your heart good if you was not to know what an equipage he has kept, what balls and entertainments he has made;—he is the talk of the whole Town, Sir;—a man would work with pleasure for such a son; he is a fellow with a soul, damn me! Your fortune won't be thrown away upon him, for get as much as you please, my life he spends every farthing.

Good. Pray, gentlemen, let me see this miracle of a son of mine.

Col. That you shou'd, Sir, long ago, but really, Sir, the house is a little out of order at present; there is but one room furnished in it, and that is so full of company, that I am afraid there would be a small deficiency of chairs. You can't imagine, Sir, how opportune you are come; there was not any one thing left in the house to raise any money upon.

Good. What, all my pictures gone?

Col. He sold them first, Sir; he was oblig'd to sell them for the delicacy of his taste: he certainly is the modestest young fellow in the world, and has complain'd to me a hundred times, drunk and sober —

Good. Drunk, Sir; what does my son get drunk?

Col. Oh, yes, Sir, regularly twice a day. — He has complain'd of the indecent liberty painters take in exposing the breasts and limbs of women; you had, indeed, Sir, a very scandalous collection, and he was never easy while they were in the house.

Good. I would have you know, Sir, that I do you wrong entering into your doors. But I am glad you have taught me at what distance to stand. My father return'd, oh, let me throw myself at his feet, and believe me, Sir, I am at once overjoy'd to see your face,

Col.

Col. I told you, Sir, he was one of the modestest young fellows in England.

Good. You may very well be ashamed; but come, let me see the inside of my house; let me see that both sides of my walls are standing.

Val. Sir, I have a great deal of company within, of the first fashion, and beg you would not expose me before them.

Good. Oh! Sir, I am their very humble servant; I am infinitely obliged to all the persons of fashion that they will so generously condescend to eat a poor chambermaid's house and home.

Col. Hark! What shall we do to this old fellow in a blanket? He is a fellow with a soul; he is a fellow with a heart.

Val. Sir, I trust in your good nature and forgiveness; and will wait on you in.

Good. Oh! that ever I should live to see this day!

Col. That you should, Sir, long ago, but really, Sir,

the house is a little out of order at present; there is but one room furnished in it, and that is to full of company.

SCENE II. A Dining Room.

Lord Puff, and several Gentlemen and Ladies, discovered at Table.

Good. What a pleasant surprise!

Col. He told them first, Sir; he was obliged to tell them of his taste; he certainly is the modestest young fellow in the world, and has completed

me a hundred times drunk and sober.

Val. Gentlemen, my father being just arrived from the Indies, desires to make one of this good company.

Good. My good Lords, (that I may affront none by calling him beneath his title) I am highly sensible of the great honour you do myself and my son, by filling my poor house with your noble persons, and your noble persons with my poor wine and provisions.

L. Puff. Sir! Rat me! I would have you know, I think I do you too much honour in entering into your doors. But I am glad you have taught me at what distance to keep such mechanics for the future. Come, gentlemen, let's to the opera. I see, if a man hath not

good manners, he is not fit to be your friend.

Col. I shall be very glad to see you again.

Val. I shall be very glad to see you again.

Good. I shall be very glad to see you again.

Col. I shall be very glad to see you again.

Val. I shall be very glad to see you again.

Good. I shall be very glad to see you again.

Col. I shall be very glad to see you again.

Val. I shall be very glad to see you again.

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Good. I shall be very glad to see you again.

Col. I shall be very glad to see you again.

Val. I shall be very glad to see you again.

Good. I shall be very glad to see you again.

Col. I shall be very glad to see you again.

The Intriguing Chambermaid.

good blood in his veins, riches won't teach him to behave like a gentleman.

Exit Lord Puff.

Good. 'Sbodlikins! I am in a rage! That ever a fellow should upbraid me with good blood in his veins, when, odsheart! the best blood in his veins hath run through my bottles. Come, Sir, follow your companions; for I am determined to turn you out directly.

Enter Charlotte.

Charl. Then, Sir, I am determined to go with him.—Be comforted, Valentine; I have some fortune which my aunt cannot prevent me from, and it will make us happy, for a while at least; and I prefer a year, a month, a day, with the man I love, to a whole stupid age without him.

[As Valentine and Charlotte are going, they are met by Mrs. Highman and Lettice.]

Mrs. High. What do I see! my niece in the very arms of her betrayer!

Lett. I humbly ask pardon of you both—but my master was so heartily in love with your niece, and she so heartily in love with my master, that I was determined to leave no stone unturn'd to bring them together.

Good. Eh! Egad, I like her generous passion for my son so much, that if you, Madam, will give her a fortune equal to what I shall settle on him, I shall not prevent their happiness.

Mrs. High. Won't you?—Then I shall do all in my power to make it a match.

Lett. And so, Sir, you take no notice of poor Lettice, —but, statesman like, your own turn serv'd, forget your friends.

SONG III. *Lettice.*

That Statesmen oft' their friends forget,

Their ends obtain'd, is clear, Sir;

So I'm forgot, your place I'll quit,

And seek a service here, Sir.

The Intriguing Chambermaid.

55

I'll prove my love in every sense,
Be dutiful, observant,
So drop in here a few nights hence,
And hire your humble servant.

She'll prove her love in every sense,
Be dutiful, observant,
So drop in here a few nights hence,
And hire your humble servant.

Mr. High. What do I see! my niece in the very arms
of her betrayer!
I am I humbly ask pardon of you both—but my mas-
ter was so heartily in love with your niece, and she so
heartily in love with my master, that I was determined
to leave no stone unturned to bring them together.
Good! Eh! Fgad, I like her generous passion for my
son so much, that if you, Madam, will give her a for-
tune equal to what I shall settle on him, I shall not pre-
vent their happiness.
Mr. High. Would you then I shall do all in my
power to make it a match.
Mr. And so, Sir, you take no notice of poor Lettice,
—but, statesman like, your own turn serv'd, forget
your friends.

SONG III. Lettice.

That Statesmen oft, their friends forget,
Their ends obtain'd, is clear, Sir;
So I'm forgot, your place I'll quit,
And seek a service here, Sir.



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